**Silver Soap**

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# Silver Soap

by Nalyra

Summary

A missing scene for "The wrath of the lamb", for the Fannibal Fest 2 booklet to the following prompt:

"What if" fic- pic one moment in the show where we could have sworn they were about to kiss, but didn't. Prompt: Either Will or Hannibal (or both), alone during the Red Dragon arc, thinking about that and hating themselves."

So. Yep, pretty much this. :)))

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

*‘This isn’t sustainable’ - Will Graham in Tome Wan*

It’s still there, just visible if you know where to look, how to use the diffuse light to make it glint with the miniature residue drops of oil, left behind when he pressed his palm against the glass.

Hannibal turns quietly, his steps measured, controlled. The cleaning crew should have been in already, but it is not, not today. A little thing really, and Hannibal vacillates viciously between gratitude and derision, passing the spot by on his ‘walk’. Another round, measured, calm. It is next to him now, on the other side of the glass, taunting. It pulls at him, like a black hole,

irresistible. If he bent down and stuck his hand through the air hole, would he be able to touch it? Hannibal clenches his hands behind his back and resumes his walking.

There is just a whisper of something in the air, just about discernible as he passes. The scent of Chitosan and various collagens, silver. Cor Silver soap. Hannibal's heart skips a beat, just once, hope daring to raise its ugly head. He forces his steps away, sitting down onto the edge of the bed primly, back straight, elbows loosely on his legs. He closes his eyes, candles flaring up in his mind on a long exhale, entering his mind palace easily, reality ignored, dropping away.

It's instinctual to follow the scent to when he gifted this soap to Will, easy to follow the twists and turns of the corridors leading there. Everything is lit up today, the floors solid, the screams silent. Hannibal pushes through the gilded door, his study receiving him, the flickering fire dipping everything into warm orange.

Will stands by the desk, hands just cleansed with the silver soap in Hannibal's private bathroom, the scent clinging to him, mixing with the atrocious aftershave, his innate scent and his shampoo, and Hannibal falls into his old self, sitting at the desk. He inhales deeply, some hollow part of him filling up with the relief of a craved drug, pleasure shivering through him. He looks up at Will, hands still on the sketch of Achilles and Patroclus, mourning. Will steps even closer, close enough so that Hannibal can feel his body heat, can hear the sedate thrum of his heart. His eyes are on the drawing, faraway and yet so very aware, knowing. Realizing.
There is the breath of a sizzle in the air as the atmosphere shifts slightly, just before Will locks eyes with Hannibal, the cerulean blue striking down to Hannibal's core, the shifts in color in those eyes never anticipatable. Will shifts closer, his hand ghosting over the surface of the desk, his scent changing. Abstract arousal, mixed with confusion, coloring his scent with a tart citrus note and something else that makes the tastebuds in Hannibal's mouth tickle. Will's mouth drops open, just a bit, and Hannibal wants to taste it so badly it is an actual ache, taking his breath in his chest. The moment stretches and as if in slow motion Will's gaze drops down and it is a physical sensation when it touches Hannibal's lips, heavy and burning. Hannibal looks at Will's cupid bow, imagining, sees the tip of the tongue, just beyond those sinful lips.

Hannibal's breath stops, his hands put down the pencil without much thought, his muscles locking, ready to rise. The remembered thought replays itself viciously, 'get up, push your hand onto his neck, walk him backwards against the pillar, catch his breath as the motion pushes it out of him, and then…'. And then the moment breaks as Will turns away and lead settles in Hannibal's stomach, the words 'This isn't sustainable' reaching him as if from far away.

Hannibal rears back, disengaging almost brutally, ripping himself away from the emotions back then, soon to be followed by the biggest disappointment he had allowed himself to experience, ever. Memory-Will and memory-Hannibal continue their dance and Hannibal turns, closing the door behind himself, his heart beating hard. His hands clench on the brass door knob, willing the thoughts away, futilely.

*Would he have kissed back? Would his lips have been soft or slightly dry before Hannibal would have run his tongue over them? Would they have battled the kiss or would it have been gentle, refusing the beasts clawing in them? Would Will have moaned into Hannibal's mouth as Hannibal would have pushed his own tongue in, possessing. Would he have pushed back, engaging. Would their hands have wandered, clutching or would they have been pressed to the pillar, holding onto something neutral, afraid to let go. Would Hannibal have been able to push against Will's body, feeling answering arousal through both their clothes? Would it have led to something more intimate, clothes shed on the way, Will's hair fanning out as he would have fallen onto the silken blue bedspread. Would the remnants of that silver soap have mixed with the sweat on Hannibal's skin, the lines of their bodies blurring.*

Hannibal clenches his teeth and then forces himself back once more, retreating, candles snuffing out behind him, dark echoes following his mood. He folds back into his body, eyes opening, unseeing. His lips ache, yearning to feel that cupid's bow between them. He allows it, aware he is punishing himself with it. He inhales again, deeply, trying to catch another whiff of the soap, the fact that Will wore it a sign of hope after all, nothing about them coincidental. He cannot and the turns his head, looking over to the glass wall, his jaw clenching when he realizes his warden has had it removed while he was remembering, has destroyed the molecules that Will had left as a gift.

"You think you're both so clever." Alana steps up to the cage, her eyes glittering. She turns her head, looking away for a second. "Always playing, always scheming." She swallows, returning her gaze to Hannibal, determination and exhaustion and fear. "Like a moth to a flame."

Hannibal pushes himself up, hands clasped behind his back once more, stepping up to the barrier. He inhales, catching the scent of the cleaning agent instead of the soap, his lips twitching in disgust. He licks his lips, offering her a gentle, vicious smile. "Dancing around the flames of our mind." He pauses, tilting his head. "Are you dancing with us?" His eyes drop to her cupid's bow, remembering, trying to infuse it with the imagined prickle of stubble, the more forceful push back.

"No." She swallows, blinking, her tone hard. "This has always been your dance." She scoffs, derision entering her tone, though it is said lightly. "I was always only… useful." She lowers her voice, a harsh whisper between them. "To both of you."

Hannibal tilts his head, weighing it a bit. "There was a time when you could have caught the moth, Alana." He smiles, gently now, his tone too kind. "If I could, I would rip his taste from your mouth."

He turns and returns to his bunk, laying down. He more feels than hears her swallow, words mumbled as she turns on her heel. "Oh Hannibal, you've got it bad."

His nails draw blood in his palm, hating. And yearning.

End Notes

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A huge thanks to all people involved with Fannibal Fest, making magic happen!

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